

The Lawyers Demurrer Argued.

By the Loyall ADDRESSERS (the Gentlemen) of *Grays-Inne*,
Against an ORDER made by the Bench of the Said Society.

To the Tune of *Packingtons Pound*, Or, *The Round-Head Reviv'd*.

I.

Dear Friends, and Good People, with Gowns and with none,
Please tell you a Tale of a parcell of *Whiggs*,
The Spawn of some *Rebells* in year Forty One,
Who like their damnd Sires pursue their Intrigues!
It occasion's amazing,
That some Members of *Grays-Inne*,
Toss Tail to their King, from whom they'd their Raising:
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

II.

In a musty old Custome, call'd Order of Pension,
Giving Thanks to the King was judg'd an Allray;
And straight they Decree'd. 'twas just to Disbench One, (S)
For shewing himself more Loyal then they!
So thus the *Dem. Com.*
Speak loudly for some,
Who propose the Kings Int'rest, the word shall be Mum.
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever;
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

III.

Men of the Sword they say make a Division, (S)
And militant Lawyers their Wildoms d'sown,
So that from the King to have had a Commission,
Does not consist with a tatter'd old Gown:
These men make pretense,
Both to Law and to Sense,
Yet say, the Law's broke, if you fight for your Prince.
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

IV.

From th' Antients (they urge) this Order comes out,
And therefore expect a ready Obedience,
But how can that be, since their Masterships doat,
And they themselves have forgotten Allegiance:
Therefore let's pray,
Both by night and by Day,
That they may Conform, and then we'll Obey.
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address unto your Law-giver.

V.

But wou'd it not move a Heart made of Flint,
To think that a House must continue no longer,
Since the grave Gubernators refus'd to consent,
Except 'twere propos'd by a Bar-Iron-monger; (C)
Or else by a Brewer, (O)
Who serves them with Beer,
So small, that they're fill'd with Suspicion and Fear.
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

VI.

Now some of the younger disconsolate fry, (G)
As if they'd been still at—*Quas's Magister*,
Under such strange Apprehensions did lye,
They desir'd to consult the Chappell-Minister.
One of the young Men,
Wou'd not handle a Pen,
For my Lord, and my Father won't take me agen. (B)
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

VII.

The Number of those who refus'd to Subscribe,
Are fitly compar'd to the days of poor *Jeh*,
Few and Evil—and of a Satanicall Tribe,
Who Scandalize all the rest of the Robe;
Those of the Bar-messe,
Who cry'd—No Address,
Found their Party of Faction were two to one Lesse;
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.

VIII.

Now you have heard of these *Lawyers Demurrer*,
And how their weak Arguments are over-ru'd,
Without all Dispute will think an *Abhorrer*,
Of them and Petitions are loyally Bold.
For such Impudence,
Both at Bar and at Bench,
Proceeds from those Men, who their King would Retrench!
You Mortalls of Law be confounded for ever,
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.